

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

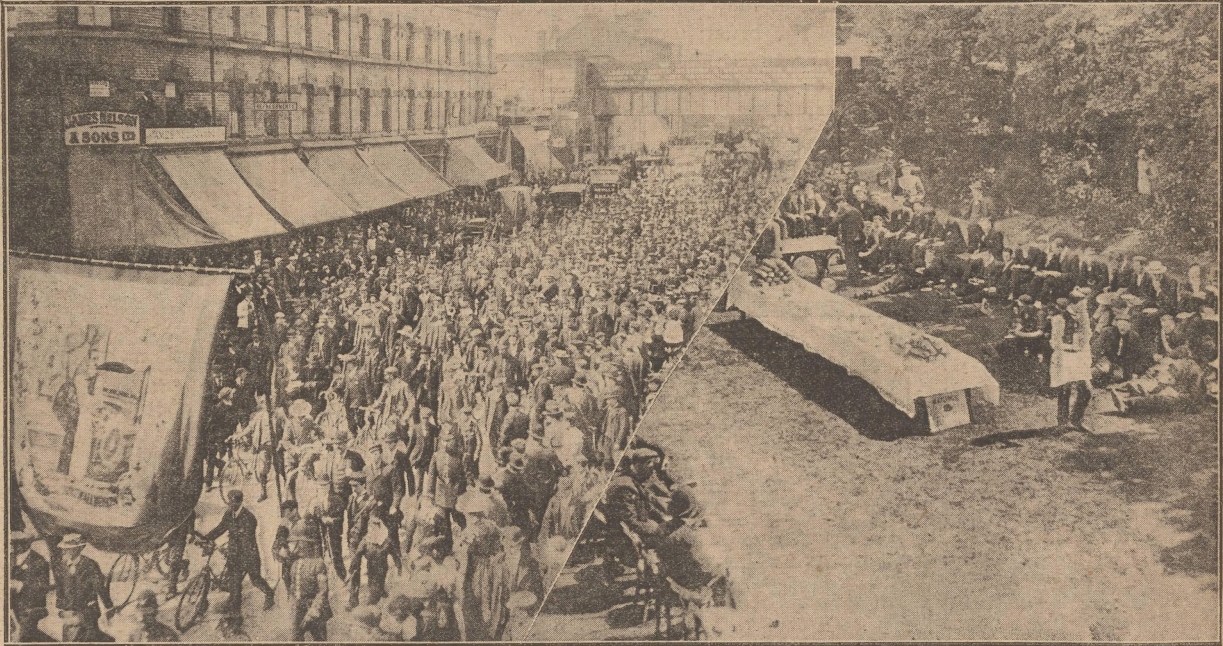
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One Halfpenny.

STRIKING RAUNDS BOOTMAKERS REACHING LONDON YESTERDAY.



The photograph on the left shows the Raunds men marching through Kilburn after their eighty-mile journey to lay their grievances before the War Office. On the right they are lunching at the Crown Hotel, Cricklewood. They were enthusiastically received in North London.

PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER FIANCÉ.



Prince Gustave Adolph of Sweden and Norway arrived in London yesterday. He will marry a daughter of the Duke of Connaught on June 15. Their honeymoon will be spent in Ireland.—(Photograph by Reutlinger; Copyright Rotary Photograph Company.)

GAS EXPLOSION IN PARIS.



The Boulevard Sebastopol was torn up by an explosion. Twenty persons were injured. A woman carrying a baby was lifted from the ground by the rush of air and then dashed down. She was seriously hurt.

1905.

THE DAILY MIRROR.

WOMAN'S DAY IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Labouchere Jack the
Giant-Killer to Female
Suffrage Bill.

POLITICAL FLIRTATIONS.

Cynical M.P. Sees Danger in Admision of Fair Law-Makers.

Her Highness Woman, in all her majesty, invaded the House of Commons yesterday.

Scores of intellectual-looking women in delicate summer gowns overflooded the Central Lobby, intent upon persuading members to support the second reading of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill.

"They're everywhere!" said a constable in the Central Lobby, referring to the ladies. And so they were. They crowded the Gallery till it could hold no more. They monopolised the Terrace. There were hundreds of them in the halls and passages. And they were all impatiently waiting for the "Lights" Bill to be extinguished and for the Women's Enfranchisement Bill to come on.

Amusing efforts were made in the House to burk the Women's Bill by prolonging the debate on the Lights for Vehicles Bill.

ONLY AN HOUR LEFT.

At a quarter to four the extraordinary fact was recorded that the Bill had been rejected by one vote—108 against 109.

Only one hour and a half was left for the second reading of the Women's Bill.

It was "Labby" who killed the Bill. Looking more bewitched than ever, he kept the House in a perpetual roar for nearly three-quarters of an hour. "After all," he grunted, "there is a difference between man and woman. We don't know how it has arisen."

"We commenced with a single cell, and these protoplasmic became in some cases women and in some cases men, resulting in making a mass of circumstances different physically and intellectually."

"But there are many things physically which women cannot do."

"If the country is attacked it is the business of every man to turn out in defence. I constitute one of the reserves."

"Women cannot do men's work because they are more beautiful than muscular."

POLITICAL FLIRTATIONS.

"Shall we turn this venerable and respectable Parliament into an assembly with a promiscuity of sexes, with all sorts of political flirtations going on?" (Smiles behind the grille and laughter on the floor.)

"I have been sent for by the ladies to come out into the Lobby, but I was cautious" (shaking his head).

"I remember the intelligent Ulysses closed his eyes to the siren's."

"If I had been a young man I might have gone but and have been converted. But it is not safe." (Faint titters behind the grille.)

"I am the successor of countless legislators who have opposed this measure; of John Knox, who talked of the horrible regime of women." (Animated whisperings from the grille.)

"I am the successor of St. Paul—(prolonged merriment)—who objected to women talking in Church. The Church is against the Bill."

"The measure is a fad, and contrary to the very elementary principles of Radicalism."

The obstructive tactics succeeded, for at half-past five the debate stood adjourned, the Bill having been "talked out."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Lord Kitchener May Be Temporarily Recalled
—Tariff Reformers Impatient.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—From a well-informed military authority I learn that the Government are considering the advisability of asking Lord Kitchener to come to England immediately to discuss many points of the policy, with regard to which his views are of the utmost importance. His recall would be of a temporary character, and he would return to his work in India immediately after his visit.

Tariff reformers are chafing at Mr. Balfour's delay in replying to their recent memorandum, and threaten to make a public pronouncement on the subject unless the Premier declares himself within the next few days.

There is strife among the Welsh party, one section seeking to depose Sir Alfred Thomas from the position of chairman, and elect Mr. Lloyd-George in his place.

BOOTMAKERS AT THE COMMONS.

Men's Leader, with Patience Exhausted, Shouts at Members
from the Strangers' Gallery.

MEN MEET WITH SYMPATHY.

Scenes in the Houses of Parliament yesterday marked the end of the Army bootmakers' long walk from Raunds to London.

When the men reached the suburbs of London their leader was informed that the deputation would not be allowed within a mile of Westminster. It was decided that the majority of them should remain at a meeting in Hyde Park, while Councillor Gribble, their leader, and ten others proceeded to the House of Commons. This programme was carried out.

AT THE "HOUSE."

Headed by men of labour unions, who joined them at Crickeckwood, the bootmakers walked through an immense crowd to the meeting-place in Hyde Park. Leaving the majority of his followers there, Councillor Gribble went with ten of his men to the Houses of Parliament.

Here they were received by Mr. Channing, M.P. for East Northampton, and a number of Labour members. The trouble then was to find Mr. Arnold-Forster or Mr. Bromley Davenport.

These gentlemen were sought for all over the House, but could not be found. Meanwhile, Councillor Gribble and his men had been shown into the Strangers' Gallery. Exasperated at seeing the precious time slip away, for the Commons were going to adjourn in a few minutes, Councillor Gribble rose and hoarsely shouted his grievance to an astonished House. He was immediately removed by attendants.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Released, down in Westminster Hall he made a desperate rush to try and get past the guardian policemen into the House.

There was an exciting in the Hall. Half a dozen policemen at once ran to the assistance of their comrades, and the sturdy little councillor was overpowered. Made conscious of his helplessness, he consented to go away, and was escorted from the precincts of the House.

Meanwhile the crowd in Hyde Park quietly dispersed.

ON THE ROAD.

Bootmakers' Orderly March from Watford to
London.

At Watford the news that the Minister for War would not receive Councillor Gribble's "army" came as a terrible disappointment to the bootmakers. At six o'clock all were assembled in the market-square, and at a quarter to seven they started for London.

Many hobbled somewhat painfully at the beginning of the day, and none had a greater effort to keep going than Councillor Gribble, the sturdy little man in command.

He was terribly footsore and worried by his multifarious duties, but nothing daunted his spirit, and, followed by his 15 men he set out bravely on the last stage of the journey.

Through the lanes the army marched to Bushey, and on to Crickeckwood, refreshments being pressed on them by the way. At Crickeckwood they had an early lunch, and were met by men from various London trades unions, who, from this time, carried three of the banners of the procession.

The first man to cross the threshold of the Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, was Pearson, with his crutches. Here a hearty lunch was served them at the expense of Mr. Rutherford, a local tradesman. While the men were entertained by an impromptu concert, Councillor Gribble and his leaders discussed the position in another room.

Having been informed that the deputation would not be allowed to go within a mile of the Houses of Parliament, they came to the decision recorded above.

Then, shortly after three o'clock, amid cheers from the great crowd that had seen them arrive and waited to see them start, the procession left for Hyde Park.

IN HYDE PARK.

Thousands Accord a Rousing Welcome to the
Pilgrims at Marble Arch.

As the procession, with its banners and the band that had played so bravely on the long five days' march, swept across Oxford-street to the Marble Arch there was a tremendous shouting from the thousands assembled to welcome them.

There were very few police—not many were wanted, for everyone seemed in high good humour—and just after the men got into the Park there was a severe crush.

The procession was broken in halves by the surging, cheering crowd, and there seemed to be a

chance of the bootmakers being hopelessly separated.

But the pluck and good-temper that had helped them from Northampton stood them in good stead, and shoulder to shoulder, with good-humoured protests, they forced their way through.

There was tremendous enthusiasm among the people, and wild shouts of encouragement to the one-legged man and Councillor Gribble.

Quite a crowd of well-known people watched the procession from carriages and motor-cars.

Then the banners were planted, and the great crowd, with the bootmakers, somewhat scattered, amongst them, gathered to hear the speeches.

As soon as the president of the Cabdrivers' Union had mounted the platform, Councillor Gribble got up with him and shouted to the ten selected to go up to the Houses of Parliament to make their way out of the Park. He himself followed, and the meeting then occupied itself with listening to the speakers and showing its hearty sympathy for the men.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS.

Strike Leader Interrupts a Debate and Is
Removed by Police.

Councillor Gribble, the man who had organised and so far successfully carried through this extraordinary demonstration, drove in a cab from Park-lane to the Houses of Parliament. He had no very definite plans, but he felt that the men he had led so far had been wronged, and was doggedly bent upon doing his utmost for them.

Desperately tired and footsore, almost voiceless from shouting commands and making speeches on the road, he looked thoroughly cool and determined. Long ago the man was a soldier, and just then he looked it.

At the House of Commons crowds were waiting to see the deputation, but the cab drove round to Westminster Hall.

Mr. Channing, the member for East Northampton, had left word that the deputation was to be received, and Councillor Gribble was shown into a private room, shortly to be joined by the other ten delegates.

To them came Mr. Channing, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Shackleton, Mr. Field, Mr. Will Crooks, and other Labour members. For some time the position was discussed. Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Minister for War, had agreed to appoint an inquiry. Yes, Mr. Gribble and his men knew that. But the inquiry, as arranged, was not satisfactory. The point was to settle the current prices at the time these conscripts, who had quoted low prices for Government work and then cut down the men's wages, had secured their orders from the War Office.

SEARCH FOR MINISTERS.

The great point was to find either Mr. Arnold-Forster the War Minister, or Mr. Bromley Davenport. These gentlemen were sought, but could not be found. Desperate at seeing the time flying, for it was now five, and the House adjourned at half-past, Councillor Gribble, determined as ever, said he would march straight to the Bar of the House.

He was dissuaded, and finally agreed to go with his comrades to the Strangers' Gallery while Mr. Arnold-Forster was again sought for.

Together the ten went to the Gallery. For ten minutes the man who had marched for five days for this endured in silence while some gentleman below talked about women's suffrage.

Then the strike leader's patience burst all bounds.

Leaping to his feet, he cried out, in a voice hoarse as a raven and trembling with passion:—"Mr. Speaker, that man is trying to talk the House out, because I've come from Northampton with a hundred and fifteen men."

He got no further. Two attendants immediately sprang forward and pulled him out of his seat. He was taken down to the hall.

Then there he spoke for five minutes with one of the members. Then suddenly walking away from them he made a desperate rush at the two policemen guarding the entrance to the members' private lobby.

Six other constables rushed to their comrades' assistance, and after a brief but furious struggle the sturdy strike leader was overpowered and ejected from the precincts of the House.

NAN PATTERSON RELEASED.

NEW YORK, Friday.—Mr. Jerome, the District Attorney, has agreed to the release of Miss Nan Patterson without bail, and she has been discharged from custody.

A crowd of 2,000 persons assembled outside the Criminal Courts and cheered Miss Patterson as she left the building.—Reuter.

PRINCE GUSTAVUS ARRIVES IN LONDON

Arrangements for the Wedding with
Princess Margaret of Connaught.

IRISH HONEYMOON.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Norway and Sweden, who is shortly to marry Princess Margaret of Connaught, arrived in London yesterday morning.

As he alighted from the train at Victoria, looking remarkably fresh and well after his journey, he was met by the Duke of Connaught.

The Prince and the Duke drove at once to Clarence House, St. James's Palace, and later in the day the Prince visited the King.

The wedding will take place at Windsor on June 15, and the royal couple will spend their honeymoon in Ireland, visiting the chief places of interest. They will make their official entry into Stockholm on July 9.

The popular young Prince has been voted £55,000 and £2,750 a year by the Parliaments of Sweden and Norway respectively, while his grandfather, King Oscar, has presented him with the beautiful chateau of Sofiero, near Helsingborg.

Great delight was expressed in Dublin last night, writes our correspondent, that the wedding tour is to be made in the Green Isle. It is hoped that the example will be widely followed.

The young royal couple are certainly sure of a warm welcome from the loyal-hearted people of Ireland.

FIGHT IN MANCHURIA.

Russians Believe That Rojestvensky Will
Beat Admiral Togo.

The war news is back to the land. There has been a fight in Manchuria.

A Russian attack near Ying-cheng has been repulsed by the Japanese, whose casualties were about fifty. The Russians lost 300 killed and wounded.

In St. Petersburg, says the special correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," the greatest confidence is expressed with regard to the prospects of Admiral Rojestvensky in his forthcoming operations.

Indeed, it is rumoured here that Admiral Togo has already lost three first-class ships—which illustrates the optimistic frame of mind to which the public have reverted.

There is a serious report about one of Togo's ships, the Mikasa, having run on a rock in a fog, where it remains stranded.

A ship belonging to a Japanese company left Hong Kong, says Reuter's Paris correspondent, conveying apparatus for refloating the Mikasa.

"HIDING FOR THE MOMENT."

PARIS, Friday Morning.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" states that several times has the Russian Admiralty been desirous of ascertaining Rojestvensky's exact whereabouts, but he has been silent.

At last the Tsar decided to question him but Rojestvensky transmitted the reply—"For the moment I am hiding."—Central News.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The King has decided to grant the Albert medal to the Hull fishermen who behaved with such gallantry in the Dogger Bank incident.

By the explosion of a large gas tank in Philadelphia yesterday eight people were killed and eleven injured. They were enveloped in flames from head to foot.

Professor Lieber has left New York on a visit to London and other capitals, where he will conduct experiments demonstrating the efficiency of his radium solvent. He hopes to astonish scientists.

Sir George Armytage, chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, predicted great developments in electric traction in a speech at the International Railway Congress at Washington, U.S.A., yesterday.

Another bride for the King of Spain has been found, according to Court gossip in Madrid, in the person of one of the daughters of the Archduchess Isabella, who would be a desirable bride in every respect, her father being one of the wealthiest Princes in Europe.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable or north-westerly breezes; fair or fine generally; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time, 8.39 p.m.; Sunday, 8.41 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth generally.

FRANTIC OLD MAN DEFIES FRANCE.

Artillery to Blow His "Fort
Chabrol" to Pieces.

A WEEK'S FUTILE SIEGE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—A single cottage besieged by a company of soldiers and by a body of gendarmes; an entire village, that of Useau, near Châtellerault, in a fever of expectation; and the whole of France gossiping and wondering—that is the work of one old man, François Roy, who committed a murder a week ago, and has kept the authorities at bay ever since.

He is an old soldier, who retired from the army a few years ago, and was given a position as gamekeeper with a wealthy man, who owned a considerable estate just outside the village. He worked well.

One day, however, a fellow-townsmen accused him of poaching off his employer's estate. The accusation was proved to be just, and François, penniless and desperate, was dismissed.

He carefully barricaded all possible entrances to his cottage, and stocked it with provisions and ammunition for his gamekeeper's rifle. Then, last Friday, he went out into the street and shot through the heart the man who had accused him of poaching.

And then he retired into his stronghold and declared war against the rest of France.

The cottage forms part of a little hamlet grouped round the outhouses of a farm. At the back of it is a large barn. It was in the barn that the first important incident of the siege took place.

Large Party Put to Flight.

A body of twenty-five gendarmes and a company of the 32nd Infantry Regiment established themselves therein one night. They had found it impossible to get near the cottage in any other way, for whenever they put their heads over the garden wall they were promptly fired at by the murderer. One gendarme, who tried to parley, had his cap-shot clean off his head.

The men in the barn had not been many hours asleep before Roy, like Monte Cristo, bored a hole through his cottage wall into the barn. The sleepers were then rudely awakened by his fire, and fled in confusion.

A gendarme who tried to hack down the barricaded door with a hatchet was severely wounded. What was to be done? The mayor, the town council, the prefects and sub-prefects, and all the functionaries of the Department gathered in consternation.

No work was being done in the village. The fields are in the range of Roy's gun, and none of the villagers will enter them.

After talking for several hours, the authorities determined to telegraph to Paris for advice. "Fire-engine," was the reply.

But Roy made a sortie. Suddenly he rushed out of the barricaded door, seized a rabbit which he kept in his yard, and rushed indoors again.

LATER.—All the soldiers are at present. Roy is vigilantly watching the soldiers and gendarmes. It is not yet decided whether the house shall be destroyed with cannon or fired, or whether it shall be blown up with melinite cartridges.

Twenty-four Hours' Limit.

In any case the authorities have decided to end the siege within twenty-four hours.

If the last plan is adopted Lieutenant Balcaïn, of the 32nd Infantry, who has been selected for the task, will approach the house, protected by soldiers with loaded rifles, and place the cartridges in position.

This course will dispense with sappers or artillery.

Roy has barricaded his door with his bed, and is determined to resist to the death.

He has also informed the world in a carefully-weighted letter, which he threw out of his loop-hole window, the motive of his crime. He said he had only taken just revenge upon a man who had lost him his employment, rather than give in he would put an end to himself.

The authorities have now determined to use a mounted gun to blow the old man's fortress into fragments.

A picture of the fortified cottage will be found on page 9.

"PIED PIPER" WANTED.

Leeds Covered Market suffers from a plague of rats, a legacy of the old market recently demolished.

In spite of incessant warfare waged upon them, hundreds being slain daily, they roam about in veritable battalions every night, and inflict enormous damage on fruit and potatoes.

CATERING MANAGER LOSES £14,000.

Arthur Charles Pearce, who was formerly assistant general manager of Pearce and Plenty, founded by his father, appeared in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. He stated that he had lost £14,000 in Stock Exchange transactions.

THREATENING AN EARL.

Melodramatic Letter Menacing Lord Fitzwilliam with Death.

Poste Restante, Vere-street, W.—Make your will, Fitzwilliam, for in four or five days I appeal to the one you know, and ask him to summon you before the judgment seat of God. You showed me no mercy, I interceded for you. Such mercy as you showed to me like you will receive. You betrayed my confidence, and—did likewise, and met a speedy doom.

You could help, and would not, the same blood in your veins. Rose's appeal to God means your death.

For sending this remarkable letter to Earl Fitzwilliam, 4, Grosvenor-square, David Murray Rose was remanded at Marlborough-street yesterday.

When arrested prisoner declared he knew nothing of any letters to Earl Fitzwilliam, and exclaimed:—"Good God! Murder! Ridiculous!"

He was granted permission to send a note to a friend, and the note was in the same handwriting as the threatening letter.

When both letters were produced in court, prisoner exclaimed: "Utterly ridiculous!"

CONTRABAND OF PEACE.

Heavy Penalties Against Dutch Captains for "Coopering."

"Coopering" in the North Sea is a practice that the Revenue authorities are putting down with a firm hand.

It consists in trafficking with the fishermen within the three-mile limit in tobacco, cigars, and spirits which have not paid duty.

Captain Hilder, in command of the Revenue cutter Argus, has just captured and brought into Grimsby two Dutch vessels, the Nord Star and the Active.

Both vessels were yesterday, at Grimsby, ordered to be forfeited to the British Government. Their skippers were fined £50 each or three months' imprisonment, and the members of the crews were fined a guinea each.

Over two tons of tobacco were seized on board the vessels, and great quantities of spirits; £5,000 represents the amount due to the Government by the owners for having on board this contraband cargo.

REPORTED HIMSELF DEAD.

Husband Who Wanted To Judge the Effect on His Wife.

One of the most interesting witnesses called in the Divorce Court yesterday to support Miss Livingstone's petition against her husband in regard to his alleged conduct with Miss Evans at a private hospital at Barry, Cardiff, was Mr. Frederick Jones.

He is a Cardiff solicitor, and a brother-in-law of Mrs. Livingstone.

He said that he remembered an interview in which he asked Dr. Livingstone why a telegram had been sent, saying he was dead; while next morning there came another wire saying, "Livingstone turned up."

"I only wanted to see what effect it would have on my wife," the doctor told Mr. Jones.

"As a matter of fact," added Mr. Jones, "an obituary notice had already appeared in the local paper, and it had to be stopped."

A labourer named Davies, who had been an inmate at the private hospital, said he had seen Miss Evans sit on Dr. Livingstone's knee, and had noticed other actions hardly in accord with propriety.

NOTHING BUT DRIED APPLES.

Australia's Meagre Exhibit at the Crystal Palace "Colinderies."

The glories of the "Colinderies" were recalled by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition opened yesterday at the Crystal Palace by the Lord Mayor of London.

A guard of honour of the King's Colonial Yeomanry greeted the opening ceremony, which was commendably brief.

The features of the exhibition are the brave show made by the West Indian Colonies and the lack of enterprise shown by Australia, which is represented only by a few dried apples, except a refrigerating machine exhibited by the State of Victoria.

Canada and New Zealand have interesting exhibits, and the resources of West Africa are also well exemplified.

SHOP FULL OF SNAKES.

With his pockets full of snakes, an Eton boy went yesterday into a shop, where his curious pets broke loose, the Etonian hugely enjoying the discomfiture of the shop assistants.

Eton lives up to its old reputation for keeping strange pets. One of the boys carries a tortoise about with him, and many keep rats, mice, and rabbits.

THEATRE KING DEAD.

Mr. Sam Shubert's Tragic End Will Not Affect the New Waldorf.

The death is announced in a Reuter's dispatch from Harrisburg (Penn.) of Mr. Sam Shubert, the well-known London and New York theatrical manager, and the owner of the New Waldorf Theatre, which is approaching completion in the Strand. Mr. Shubert succumbed to the injuries he received in the terrible railway disaster at Harrisburg, which was reported in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

The career of the dead manager has been a remarkable one.

He was born at Syracuse (N.Y.) in 1876, and was the eldest of three brothers. He began life as box-office clerk at the Wieting Opera House, Syracuse. Up to 1898 he had no theatrical interests, either in America or in Europe, but from the time he and his brother, Mr. Lee Shubert, acquired the Opera House at Syracuse in that year their success as theatrical managers was phenomenal.

The Herald-square and Casino Theatre in New York were acquired, and it was not long before fourteen theatres in the United States and this country were under the direct control of Mr. Sam Shubert.

His latest venture was the New Waldorf Theatre in the Strand, where the greatest consternation was displayed at the sad news.

The *Daily Mirror* learned, however, that Mr. Shubert's death will not interfere with the opening of the theatre.

EMBASSY TRAGEDY.

Korean Acting Charge d'Affaires Found Hanging Dead in His Bedroom.

The Korean Embassy at 4, Trebvor-road, Earl's Court, was the scene of a tragic occurrence yesterday.

Shortly before ten o'clock in the morning one of the servants, on entering the bedroom of Yi Han Eung, the Acting Korean Chargé d'Affaires, found him hanging by a rope. He was quite dead.

Yi Han Eung was a man of about forty years of age, and for some time had been a victim to melancholia and insomnia.

Mr. William Pritchard Morgan, the Korean Consul-General, received a letter from Yi Han Eung yesterday morning stating that he was going to die that day.

The unfortunate man had acted as the Korean Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of the Minister abroad.

COMING COUNTRY PAPER.

A New Weekly for Everyone. Which Is To Appear Next Wednesday.

Wednesday next, May 17, will witness the appearance of the first issue of "The Country-Side," a new weekly paper edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, and dealing with open-air life from every point of view.

"The Country-Side" will contain something for everyone who appreciates outdoor life. No out-of-door interest has been omitted, and the leading specialists upon every subject have been engaged to deal with topics that they have made their own. A special feature is to be made of answers to correspondents, and specialists of world-wide reputation have been engaged to answer all questions sent in by readers.

As extraordinary interest has already been excited in the forthcoming appearance of this new paper, all who wish to make sure of a copy of the first issue should place an order for its regular delivery with the newsagent.

FEATHER-BED SOLDIERS.

Yeomen Require Tapestry Curtains and Many Tents While in Camp.

The Herits Imperial Yeomanry, who are encamped in Luton Hoo Park for their annual training, are having a most enjoyable time of it.

Although the regiment does not number more than 350 all told, there are over eighty bell tents, says our correspondent. The same number would accommodate 1,200 regular soldiers on manoeuvres, allowing fourteen to each tent.

The mess is a wooden-framed building, with a canvas top, and the windows are covered with tapestry curtains.

A CARMELITE CONVENT.

The "London Magazine" for May is quite above the average for the strength and interest of its contents. Perhaps pride of place must be given to a most remarkable series of photographs fully depicting "Convent Life from Within." The editor is most fortunate in having secured these wonderful pictures, which are the first ever taken and taken inside a Carmelite convent. They are full of surprising realism and quite unique.

FAITHLESS POET.

Girl Clings to Absent Lover for Fourteen Years.

DARK-TRESSED COLLEEN.

With your hair as black as the night,
And your eyes as bright as the day.

So wrote Tennyson long ago about Molly Magge, Yesterday poetical history repeated itself to a certain extent, at the court over which Master Courtenay presides in Dublin.

A somewhat lesser poet than Tennyson, John Purcell, quartermaster-sergeant in the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, was quoted as the writer of impassioned addresses to a colleen of dark tresses and flashing black eyes.

The romance of the situation was heightened by the fact that the soldier-poet was being sued by the dark-tressed, bright-eyed colleen for breach of promise of marriage.

Poet and colleen met and loved at first sight amid particularly affecting circumstances. The scene was Kill Railway Station, Co. Kildare.

Nearly Twenty Years Ago.

The date was nearly twenty years ago. Winifred White, a ship of the colleen in her early teens, had come to see some soldier boys off to the wars.

One of the boys was the poet, and his emotions as he gazed on the colleen can only be adequately described by his own words as contained in a letter read in court:—

"My own darling Winifred, I love you with all my heart. I have done so for years and years. I never forgot your glorious blue hair and eyes. I never forgot the tear you shed when I was going away a private soldier. You have been the darling of my heart for years."

The effect of this magnificent prose poetry was spoiled by an unpoetical comment of counsel, who said that he was not sure whether the tear was shed for the common departure of all the soldiers or for that of Mr. Purcell only.

For fourteen long years the poet was away, serving his country—and always thinking of the colleen whom he had loved and parted from within a space of a few brief seconds on Kill Railway Station.

"In the Thick of the Fight."

Again one must have recourse to his own words to picture the depths of his fourteen-year-lasting love:—

"Whether on the battlefield, the ocean, or the wilds of Arabia, your little face was ever before me. How I escaped in South Africa I don't know, because I was always in the thick of the fight. The only conclusion I came to was that you were my guardian angel. There, as well as everywhere else, I kissed you in spirit."

At last the poet-soldier's love reaped its reward. He came home to his colleen. In his own inspired phrase this is what happened:—

"I did not court you at all. I simply took you in my arms and asked you to marry me. I had you in my arms a few minutes after speaking to you."

A period of bliss unalloyed was now entered upon. The poet was presented by his colleen with a press of the most delicate locks that he had kissed in spirit in the wilds of Arabia. He now kissed a real tress at eight o'clock every morning.

His bliss, however, seems to have been just a little prejudicial to the excellence of his prose-poetry, for in a subsequent love epistle he wrote:—

"I dearly love your fine head of hair."

Next My Heart.

Still, what could be happier than: "I keep that lock of hair next to my heart, and the day I make you my wife I will enclose that lock in a case, and we will keep it as one of our greatest treasures."

Alas! that day never came. After concluding an ardent missive with no less than fourteen crosses, symbolical of the fourteen colleenless years in wild and desert, the faithful poet-lover played the jilt.

He did not answer the note that the colleen penned in reply, and when the colleen's sister wrote:—"Follow you to Batavia I will, for making a perfect fool of Winnie," he replied:—

"If this action is persevered in it would seriously blight my military career."

For he was a quartermaster-sergeant now, and no longer a poet. As quartermaster-sergeant he found a guardian angel embarrassing.

Moved by the colleen's tear-filled, black eyes, her raven tresses, and the bright heliotype dress that she had selected as a setting, the jury awarded £25 damages.

£13,500 FOR ANTIQUES.

Big prices ruled at Christie's auction room yesterday.

About £13,500 was obtained for two fine collections of French furniture and old Chinese porcelain, the property of Charles Neck, Esq., and A. H. Hay Drummond, Esq.

A Louis XVI. carved and gilt suite of furniture brought £735, and a commode of the same period was sold for £714.

A pair of Louis XVI. upright marqueterie secretaires went for £693.

BEAST EIGHTY-FOUR FEET LONG.

Model of Prehistoric Monster Presented to the Nation.

THREE BRAINS.

Nature has beaten the "Bad Child's Book of Beasts" on its own ground.

A cast of the Diplodocus Carnegii was formally accepted yesterday at the Natural History Museum by Professor Ray Lankester, at the hands of the generous donor whose name the antediluvian monster bears.

"Heads or tails?" That is the question that at once arises in the mind of one who comes suddenly upon this quadruped of many fathoms—84ft. long and 13ft. high.

Imagine the body of a giant among elephants, the talons of an eagle, a tail that appears to stretch to the back of beyond, the neck of a Broodingnagian ostrich, and a head scarcely larger than that of a day-horse, furnished with teeth, as Dr. Holland, the "builder," remarked, "like a garden rake, proclaiming his vegetarian proclivities."

When you are told that this "cathedral on legs," as he has been called, had a brain no bigger than a walnut, the marvel becomes greater still.

Has Three Brains.

But Nature makes no mistakes. The diplodocus had three brains—the walnut in the head, another in the shoulders, and the third in the hips! Thinking may have been a kind of telephonic process. "7,142 Hip" had to be rung up, for instance, when the beast wanted to wag its tail.

To ensure a return to the awe-struck frame of mind, it is only necessary to remember that, as it is set up at the Natural History Museum, the Diplodocus is stooping in the attitude of browsing upon the tall grass which was his food. If he chose to sit up, like a kangaroo, he would be over 60ft. high. This suggests a "Prehistoric Peep" by Mr. Reed come to life.

His end was tragedy, for on the thigh-bone of the off hind-leg are marks of powerful teeth, and not far from the spot on which his fossil remains were discovered lay the broken tooth of a dinosaur—the "terrible lizard," scourge of the pre-Aurifer world. He evidently proved a tough morsel to chew.

Mr. Carnegie stood yesterday in the shadow of his colossal gift, wreathed in smiles.

As soon as he heard of the finding of the diplodocus he wrote, "Dear Chancellor, buy this for Pittsburg.—A.C."

GAME OF "PROVERBS" AGAIN.

Hundreds of Claims for Bicycles Promised in an Advertisement Competition.

Several hundred claims for the bicycles promised by Symonds' London Stores, Limited, in connection with their notorious "Proverbs" competition, are down for hearing in the Clerkenwell Court, one counsel yesterday stating that he represented 200 plaintiffs.

The first case was regarded as a test, and Judge Edge remarked that he would prefer it to come before a jury.

Counsel for the defence said that it was very important that a decision should be reached early because no less a sum than £19,000 depended on the result, and his clients' business was seriously affected by the Judge's strong comments.

Judge Edge, who promised to give a holiday up to hear the case, said that if it were shown that his conclusions had been wrong he would at once admit it, and an adjournment was ordered for the calling of a jury.

LAUGHTER'S GRIM ECHO.

Tragedy of a Wasted Life Concealed Behind Jocular.

The despair that is wedded to laughter is perhaps the most sinister, the most hopeless of all—such was one's reflection of hearing Sarah Fisher, a woman bordering on sixty, who wandered into the dock at Marylebone yesterday.

To a charge of breaking a plate-glass window in Edgware-road, she replied with a convulsion of laughter, terrible in its antithesis to merriment. She was remanded. "The next thing'll be murder," she laughingly exclaimed as she disappeared from view.

TOO OLD TO DRIVE.

'At sixty-eight years of age a man should not have to bear the terrible anxieties of engine-driving, said counsel at West Ham yesterday, on behalf of Benjamin Webster, charged with the manslaughter of a fireman in the Stratford railway collision.

Webster was discharged, but will have to surrender at the next Central Criminal Court to answer the coroner's committal for manslaughter.

'MORPHINE' THE TRUNK TRAGEDY POISON

Remarkable Case for the Prosecution Unfolded in Yesterday's Police Court Proceedings.

Morphine has been certified as the cause of death in the case of Mrs. Devereux and her babies, whose bodies were found concealed in a trunk at Paddington. Such was the result of the autopsy made by Sir Thomas Stevenson, the Home Office Analyst.

The busiest scribe in the Harlesden Police Court yesterday was Arthur Devereux, the chemist, charged with killing his wife and twin children, whose bodies he sealed in a tin trunk. From the opening of the proceedings to the close the accused man in the dock assiduously took notes, with the evident intention of making a strenuous fight for his life.

Occasionally he glanced over the court, as though looking for some known face. It did not appear that he found one, as no exchange of recognitions was observable. To outward appearance Devereux was perfectly self-possessed. His main concern was to keep a close ear upon the arguments and revelations with which the painstaking Director of Prosecutions sought to justify the charge of murder.

Only Circumstantial Evidence.

The police have to rely solely upon circumstantial evidence for a conviction. No doctor, nurse, or neighbour saw Mrs. Devereux and her babies die.

Did Devereux? That is the hard question for the prosecution to answer. Devereux, himself, in a detailed statement, says he did not see them die. At that moment he and his only surviving son, Stanley, were taking an evening walk.

On returning home Devereux found them all dead. He spared his little son the tragic sight. Then, in terror of the ordeal of an inquest, he



ARTHUR DEVEREUX.

shrank from registering their deaths or telling anyone, and concealed the bodies of his infants and their mother in a trunk.

If he is innocent, the position in which he has placed himself is a perilous one. If he is guilty, his defence is marvellous.

A full bench of justices heard Mr. Bodkin marshal the facts and inferences for the prosecution yesterday. He missed nothing, however minute, that told against the prisoner by the law's legitimate method of arriving at a just conclusion.

"There is no doubt," counsel emphasised, "that the birth of the twins annoyed the prisoner." That was Mr. Bodkin's first point. He dwelt upon it, by adding: "Devereux showed great affection

for his eldest son, Stanley, but, to say the least of it, was indifferent towards the twins."

Next he proceeded to indicate that Mrs. Devereux, when last seen, was in no mood for committing suicide after poisoning her babies—the theory of death put forward by the accused. "That night she went shopping with her mother, Mrs. Gregory, and was in the house of health and spirits at ten o'clock." That was on January 28.

Afterwards Devereux hired a flat in Milton-avenue, and, in accounting for a sudden departure, said: "I have been much worried by my mother-in-law, and if I catch her on my door-step again I will blow her brains out." Mrs. Gregory had been making persistent inquiries about her daughter and the twins, whose death Devereux kept as his awful secret.

Uncertain of the Date.

From this point Mr. Bodkin enumerated Devereux's fabrications to allay suspicions of his wife's fate. He had gone to Coventry, leaving his companion-son Stanley at lodgings in Harrow-road. He told his landlady that the boy's mother was at Plymouth. Afterwards he wrote saying they should have to keep Stanley a little longer, as Mrs. Devereux was very poorly.

"Mrs. Devereux was dead at the time," urged counsel, "and the prisoner knew she was."

Then, assailing Devereux's statement, "One day I returned home and found my wife and children dead," Mr. Bodkin declaimed: "Imagine a man not being certain of the exact date on which he found his wife and children dead!" Devereux smiled faintly and looked towards the magistrates, as if wondering whether they might attribute his forgetfulness to excitement.

Now came from Mr. Bodkin the long-deferred main evidence of the cause of death. It was as follows:

In the internal organs of Mrs. Devereux were found 1.12 grains of morphine, which is equivalent to 1.04 grains of morphia.

Cases have been known in which adults have died after taking one grain of morphia.

In the bodies of the two children traces of morphine were also discovered—in smaller quantities, but sufficient to cause death.

Returning to Devereux's conduct after the tragedy, Mr. Bodkin told how he obtained a situation at Coventry as a chemist's assistant. He answered an advertisement, and gave a reference to a Mr. Taylor, chemist, in Harrow-road. Taylor and the prisoner were one. The reply was wired back: "Devereux is a good man."

Bonfire in the Yard.

Having alluded to the statement of Mrs. Wells that one day she saw a bonfire in Devereux's yard, counsel dealt with the prisoner's statement that he kept poisons in a locked chest. There was no evidence that that chest had been tampered with.

As to the suggestion that the woman had poisoned herself with chloroform, there were few poisons which were more difficult to administer, for if it were drunk it would produce great irritation of the throat and mouth.

He raised a grim laugh by saying:—"As to the efficiency of chloroform in exciting people insensible rapidly, that is a subject of many popular errors."

The remainder of the evidence revealed little new, beyond an account of the courtship of Devereux and his dead wife, given by Mrs. Gregory, the deceased's mother.

There had been objections, he said, to their marriage on the part of Mr. Gregory, sen., but her daughter was deeply in love with Devereux, and insisted on marrying him.

"Have you ever been under restraint?"—"I? Never."

"But your mind was affected?"—"Yes, it was for a time after an illness."

The case was then adjourned.

SEASIDE "ETIQUETTE."

Should People's Conduct on Popular Holidays Be Considered "Evidence"?

A photograph taken at Blackpool of a man with his arm around the waist of another man's wife was a piece of evidence introduced in a case in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. Murphy, for the defence, claimed that such a photograph indicated nothing unusual as to what took place at the seaside.

His Lordship: But if you find a gentleman in a photograph embracing a lady, and they are staying at the same boarding-house, what is one to think?

Divorce granted.

Slackness in the shaving trade in winter owing to men growing beards for protection against cold, was the reason given at the South-Western Court yesterday by Frederick Darling, hairdresser, for deserting his wife and children.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Serves as Startling Model To Set Off Emotional Lingerie.

It is not only emotional gowns that Mme. Lucile supplies for those who would be up-to-date in every detail of their apparel—the very last scream of fashion, as the French say.

A lady who desires to purchase the very latest thing in lingerie, for instance, is shown upstairs to a daintily-furnished sleeping apartment, where a lovely girl, Madame's most charming "mannequin," is gracefully reposing upon the downiest of beds, clad in the most bewitching "nightie," and apparently sound asleep.

The neck is cut low and the sleeves are short; or, again, the cut may be severely simple, with little adornment. In the former case the sentiment might be "Fairy Visions"; in the latter "Dawn's Gentle Whisper."

The sleeping beauty stirs, opens her eyes, and languorously lifts her arms above her head. Her limbs are restlessly tossed to and fro, and at length she lazily sits up in preparation to receive her morning cup of chocolate.

Tempestuous Puffs and Frills.

Then the ciderdown and the rest of the bed-clothes are lightly thrown aside, and, having rested for a moment on the edge of the bed, stretching her arms and legs, and giving to the fullest possible extent every grace and charm of her "nightie," she slowly dons a negligée similarly adorned with frills, lace, delicately-tinted ribbons, and embroidery.

If desired she will array herself in petticoats with tempestuous puffs and frills, daintily tucked in the doming, and finally smoothed to the perfection of grace with little heels and pats. And the rest of a lady's attire will then, if requested, be donned to fascinate the hesitating purchaser.

There is no limit to the emotions that may be expressed by raiment, says Mme. Lucile. It is not so much the emotions of the wearer as those of the spectator that her creations are intended to illustrate. The only garments that seem to defy definite emotional treatment are the hat and the boot, but this may be only a matter of time. Some day perhaps the "hat of cordial welcome" and the bgt of "glad anticipation" will be readily recognised by the uninitiated.

PRISON FOR CHAUFFEUR.

Mr. Curtis Bennett Prescribes Gaol for All Drunken Drivers of Motor-Cars.

Mr. Curtis Bennett took stern measures at the Westminster Police Court yesterday with Thomas Harding, a chauffeur, for being drunk whilst driving a car on Elm Park-road.

The man's master, Harold Brown, of Thames Ditton, was charged at the same time with being incapably intoxicated.

Harding admitted the offence; Brown replied that he had been "dining."

Mr. Curtis Bennett: If drunken people will go driving motor-cars about the streets and the case is proved before me they will go to prison. Harding will have one month.

Mr. Brown: This man has been in the employ of my father and myself for twenty-five years, and nothing has ever been brought against him.

Mr. Bennett's only reply was to fine Mr. Brown ten shillings for his own part in the affair.

M.P.'s DINNER-PARTY.

Narrow Escape of House of Commons Guest in an Embankment Episode.

An exciting sequel to a dinner-party at the House of Commons was revealed in the Westminster County Court yesterday in the case of Rice v. Hearn.

On the evening of March 7 Sir Walter Thornburn, M.P., entertained his son, Walter, and Mrs. Walter Thornburn, Mr. John Thornburn, and Mr. Prior at dinner at the House.

On returning to their brougham came into violent collision in Parliament-street with an omnibus. When the brougham righted itself the driver was thrown on his head on the road, and was taken to the hospital.

The horse bolted down Northumberland-avenue and came to grief on the Embankment, falling over and overturning the brougham. The occupants were shaken and somewhat alarmed.

The owner of the brougham, from whom it was hired, now sued the omnibus proprietor for damages, but lost the day.

MR. PLOWDEN LEARNS.

Pinch, verb transitive—to take into custody. Mr. Plowden, the Marylebone magistrate, added another word to his vocabulary yesterday when a constable reported that on arresting a prisoner who was quarrelling with his wife the man had said:—"You had better go and pinch my old woman."

Having asked the meaning of the word, and committed it to his memory, Mr. Plowden discharged the prisoner.

For selling liquorice powder adulterated with 5 per cent. ground olive stones, Herbert Lewis, Preston chemist, was fined 5s. and costs yesterday.

AUSTRALIANS' TAILLESS SIDE.

Plucky Effort by Lees and Hayes—
Century by Board.

ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

Surrey made a plucky bid for victory against the Colonials yesterday at the Oval, and, aided by a slice of fortune, dismissed five of their opponents for 149.

Hopkins was very unlucky in being run out owing to "backing up too far." Armstrong drove one straight back to Lees, who only partially stopped the ball, which swung off from his foot to the wicket.

Armstrong again proved that he is a batsman to be dreaded by playing an invaluable 88. But for his opportune innings the Australians might have been in a bad way.

Armstrong went off his batting for a time owing to his adopting too cautious methods; now he makes full use of his great height and strength, and thumps the ball with the best. McLeod, though decidedly lucky, weighed in with a most useful 60, and Cotter hit out for all he was worth.

Thus after an indifferent start the Australians got a lead of 67 on the first innings.

COTTER AGAIN ERRATIC.

Cotter started bowling "like a train" in Surrey's second innings, though he was again very erratic. Hobbs snicked one in the slips and had to go, giving Surrey a poor start.

Hayward, as he usually is against the Constables, was a tower of strength to his side, and his 60 not out cannot be over-estimated from the Surrey point of view.

Board notched a magnificent century against Middlesex yesterday, and never looked like getting out all the morning.

Jessop got 38 of the best, and while the pair were together they made the bowling look simple indeed. Board's 119 was exactly the lead that Gloucester obtained on the first innings.

Warner gave his side a poor start by getting another "moon," thus being saddled with the unenviable spectacles. This comes as a great disappointment after his last great innings, but he is certain to have his revenge on the Goddess of Fortune very soon.

BOSANQUET'S MISTAKE.

Bosanquet made an effort to stop the rot, and played very carefully. He made a mistake in the end, however, trying to drive Bennett on the off side instead of hitting him straight, and was prettily caught by Mills at extra cover.

Dennett and Huggins bowled extremely well, the latter especially being very difficult to play. The ball jumped a lot at the nursery end, and the state of the ground just suited Huggins's style of bowling. He was unlucky not to get more wickets than he did.

Hirst has had a good match against Worcester, as, after compiling an invaluable 108 not out, he proceeded to take three wickets. Thanks to him and Myers, Yorkshire succeeded in dismissing their opponents, for whom H. K. Foster was top scorer with 28, for 97. Hirst then proceeded to collect more runs. It is to be hoped that he has plenty of runs left to put up against the Australians.

THE CHAMPION'S VICTORY.

Lancashire, who were only set 55 to win against Warwick won very easily by eight wickets at Manchester yesterday. Whittle, who is proving a rare service to his county just now, made a creditable 61. Both Hallows and Kermode bowled well for the champions.

Just how good cricketers think Fry to be may be gauged by a remark made by one well-known player to another at Lord's yesterday. "Fry's failed again?" Has he? How many did he get?" "Only 97; rotten, isn't it?" He was playing in his best form at Brighton, and was unlucky not to turn his perfect 97 into a century.

He will have to be in fine form again to-day, as Jones, Iremonger, G. Gunn, and Hardstaff were all on the spot yesterday, and Sussex are likely to face a 400 deficit in their last innings.

Touching the question "Who will captain England?" a little bird whispered to me that if F. S. Jackson is unable to play, A. C. MacLaren will captain the English side in the Test matches.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENTHUSIAST.—Certainly "creeper" is another term for a shooter. Also subterranean, day-cutter. CLEMENT, Manchester.—"Rabbit-shooters." Bad batsmen are known as "rabbits" on the cricket field. LONG-STOP.—I. No. The expression "the cow-shot" originated, I believe, at Cambridge. E. R. Wilson invented it. 2. Many thanks. K. London.—Beating the pistol comes from the running track. It means the competitor gets the start by getting off the mark before the pistol is fired. F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Last night the men injured by the explosion on H.M.S. Royal Oak, and now in hospital at Chatham, were reported to be progressing favourably.

The aged Earl of Leicester was last night reported to be in a weaker condition.

Four cases of suspected bubonic plague, believed to have been communicated by rats in vessels from foreign ports, have broken out in Leith.

Various models of the proposed memorial to the Duke of Cambridge were considered at a meeting yesterday of the committee entrusted with the task at the United Service Club.

Finding the gates across the road at Beeston Station closed to admit of a train passing, a cow placidly mounted the steps of the footbridge, and by this means crossed to the other side.

Serious injury to a Tiverton Volunteer's face was caused during shooting practice by the explosion of a cartridge with which he had loaded his rifle. Part of the bolt of the gun was blown off.

Mr. Charles D. Schwann, son of Mr. Schwann, M.P. for North Manchester, has been adopted Liberal candidate for the Hyde Division of Cheshire, Mr. Beeley having retired through ill-health.

Captain H. S. Riddell, of Filey, has received intimation from the British Museum that an ancient silver coin found at a depth of 7ft. in front of his house, is a silver penny of the reign of Edward III. Quite recently a Roman coin of the time of Nero was discovered at Filey.

Arriving off Dover yesterday, the Channel Fleet took mails and provisions on board. To-day the fleet is due at Yarmouth, Grimsby on May 16, and Queensferry on May 20.

After attending a funeral a married woman of Blackburn lost her memory. She wandered about the streets, and could give no account of herself. Indefatigable efforts on the part of the police finally restored her to her home.

On being fined for drunkenness at Hull yesterday a woman took off her boot and threw it at the stipendiary magistrate. It missed his head by about an inch. Sentence of two months' hard labour followed.

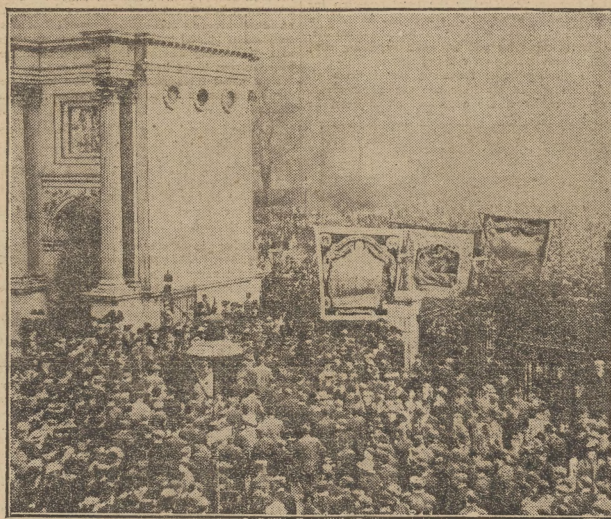
Whilst playing on the swing bridge which spans the canal at Town End, near Preston, last night, a schoolboy named Thomas Hodson, of Tarleton, fell into the water and was drowned in sight of his companions.

Sanction of the Local Government authorities to the borrowing by the Metropolitan Water Board of £30,630 for improvement works in connection with the Lambeth water supply was reported yesterday.

In commemoration of the residence of William Makepeace Thackeray at 16, Young-street, Kensington, a memorial tablet is to be placed there shortly by the County Council.

For the original manuscript of Scott's "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," £85 was given at Sotheby's yesterday.

RAUNDS STRIKERS AT THE MARBLE ARCH.



The visiting bootmakers were enthusiastically received when they marched into Hyde Park yesterday afternoon. They were welcomed with music and flags. The people appeared to think their efforts to influence the War Office would succeed.

Sir Henry Irving announces his intention of continuing his season at Drury Lane Theatre until Saturday, June 10. By general request, in succession to his brilliant revival of "Becket," Sir Henry will appear again as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Portia will be played by Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison.

Princess Alexander of Teck presided yesterday at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. The year's receipts, it was stated, totalled £15,823, of which £50,000 had been invested.

Madeline Lutman, a pupil of St. John's School, Duncan-terrace, Islington, has only missed three attendances in eleven years. She has been awarded four medals, a certificate, and six prizes, including a watch and a dress.

By the breakage of the safety strap around his body, an omnibus driver was thrown to the ground in Westbourne-grove yesterday and seriously injured. He was removed to West London Hospital.

"What does the man do for a living?" counsel asked in St. Helens Police Court. "He goes about public-houses bending nails with his fingers," was the reply.

Manufacturers of blouses, gloves, and ladies' fancy neckwear in Nottingham are complaining of their inability to obtain enough workpeople to keep pace with orders received.

Mr. Edward Goulding, M.P. for the Devises Division of Wiltshire, has been elected chairman of the Constitutional Club for the ensuing year.

Directors of the Bank of England have subscribed £200 to the Vicerey of India's Earthquake Fund, and £50 to Lord Kitchener's Gurkha fund.

THE KING AT KEMPTON PARK.

Brilliant Sport—St. Brendan Wins
the Stewards' Handicap—An
Irish Trial.

TO-DAY'S JUBILEE.

KEMPTON PARK, Friday Night.—The King drove down in a motor-car and arrived as the competitors were at the post for the first race. It was a delightful summerlike day, and this picturesque district looked charming—orchards, gardens, hedge-rows, and woodland blooming with the wealth of maturing spring.

His Majesty's arrival became known to the immense gathering as the National Anthem was played by the band of the Royal Artillery. Everybody rejoiced to see the King look so well and apparently enjoying the sport with his customary zest.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein arrived by train from Waterloo, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hall Walker. The members' lawn was crowded with distinguished folk, and it was obvious to the least critical that the Jubilee meeting sustains its great popularity.

EXCITING FINISHES.

There were plenty of runners throughout the afternoon, and many of the races yielded most exciting finishes. The Stewards' Handicap brought out some high-class horses, and it reminded speculators in its difficulty of the Goodwood Stewards' Cup. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's Brother Bill, sent out by Robinson's all-conquering stable, was made favourite, and another three-year-old, Thrush, owned by Captain J. Orr-Ewing, was supported for a lot of money.

Sir Edgar Vincent's Countermarch had a host of admirers, and a very strong Irish division arrived on the scene with that magnificent thoroughbred St. Brendan. Out o' Sight, one of the speediest sprinters in training, was in the field. Lord Farquhar's Airie was heavily backed, and the shrewdest men did not dare overlook Golden Saint on knowing that Captain Forester's candidate held the confidence of Fallon's patrons.

THE KING INTERESTED.

It was a splendid race. The King, dressed in a jacket suit and brown bowler, and smoking a cigar, watched the contest from the pavilion. Out o' Sight and Airie were most prominent in the early stages of the sprint, but the former collapsed as five furlongs, and in the last quarter-mile St. Brendan took command, but it was only after a desperate struggle that the leader—beautifully ridden by Halsey—managed to defeat Thrush, with Brother Bill about four inches further back. St. Brendan was backed on a well-known occasion to beat Sceptre in the St. Leger, but long distances are beyond his tether. There was great cheering from the crowd, and after the "all right" had been called from the weighing-room a group of Hibernian enthusiasts indulged in a regular Irish yell—a salute familiar enough on big days at Liverpool, but seldom heard at Kempton Park.

Most interesting of the other races was the encounter in the Spring Plate between Noisy Bill and Queen Camilla. There were other competitors, among them Mrs. Langtry's Miss Repton, but the affair was regarded almost as a match between the pair first mentioned. Unfortunately for many a heavy speculator the race proved Noisy Bill to be one of the worst-tempered horses in training. He would not gallop a yard, was out of the hunt in the first quarter, and the result was a clever win for Queen Camilla from Medusa and Miss Repton.

TO-DAY'S GREAT RACE.

The minor races were not without interest, and in the intervals attention was given in the ring to the prospects of tomorrow's great race for the Jubilee Stakes. Jubilee fields have not been so select of late years as in the infancy of this, the most popular of spring handicaps. It seems but yesterday—and yet eighteen years have sped past—that Bendigo won the initial race in exceptionally high-class company. What a sultry day it was! and even at this distance of time the cheers ring in my ears, and my fancy sees the equine idol of all England and Ireland munching an apple from the hand of a stately lady.

Anon in their turns Minding and Amphion did big things, whilst the poverty of the opposition somewhat minimised the victories, under heavy weights, of Nunthorpe and Orvietto. More recently the public idol was Victor Wild—twice a winner and unlucky in not getting a wetter burden home for a third Jubilee—who marched to the music on parade conscious of his irresistible power on his best battleground.

It may be that Ypsilanti will beat all records on this, his favourite, course, and I believe he has only L'Aiglon for fear.

GREY FRIARS.
(Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme and selections will be found on page 14.)

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1903

A WAVE OF TEETOTALISM.

LORD BURTON deplores it. He calls it "fanatical." That is because Lord Burton is a brewer. Those whose interest lies in the sale of drink naturally dislike any movement which tends to make people drink less. For our part, this wave of teetotalism, which Lord Burton and so many others have noticed, is a sign of the times to be heartily welcomed. We only hope there will be no reaction.

The effects of the wave are to be seen on every side. In the correspondence which we have received about Sir Frederick Treves's denunciation of alcohol as poison nearly all the letters have been in favour of total abstinence. Not a day passes without some well-known public man declaring that stimulants are unnecessary, bad for body and for mind.

Take another example. Before the Boot-makers started on the last stage of their journey to London yesterday, their leader gave them a watchword. "Drink no intoxicants." That is the most striking instance of all. If working-men attack the Giants of Injustice in that spirit, their speedy victory is as certain as to-morrow's dawn.

In the latest book published by the most famous living French author, M. Anatole France, there is a hopefully prophetic sketch of the state of Europe 300 years hence. Alcohol has been abolished. "A hard-drinking democracy," says one of M. France's twenty-third century characters, "could never have hoped to improve its conditions of existence." There is a great truth in that remark which the British democracy will do well to keep in mind.

The witty Bishop Magee said he would rather see England free than England sober. We should prefer to see alcohol used in moderation instead of abolished altogether. That is what may come in time. But in the meanwhile we need not be surprised to find the total-abstinence principle going rapidly ahead.

For very many years we have undoubtedly been drinking far too much and far too regularly. It was inevitable that some day the pendulum should swing in the opposite direction. This present wave of teetotalism is all to the good.

EXPERTS OR AMATEURS?

No class is more abused or more ridiculed than the class of writers who are known as naval and military experts. Yet at last even the experts have come by their own. A Prime Minister of England has accepted the principles they have been preaching for many years past. He admits they are right after all. These principles, to which Mr. Balfour now gives his adherence, are (1) that the Navy is our real safeguard against invasion, and (2) that we do not require a huge army for home defence. What a lot of money we might have saved if Mr. Balfour had listened to the experts before!

Mr. Brodick's Army Corps scheme, which had the approval of Mr. Balfour—indeed, he was one of its warmest defenders—was based on principles absolutely opposed to those of the experts. Mr. Brodick believed that we did require a huge Army for home defence, and that belief of his cost the country some twenty millions at the least.

He found the cost of the Army £20,000,000. He increased it year by year. He left it £30,000,000. And the larger part of that increase was the direct result of the wrong principles upon which he worked, with Mr. Balfour's approval.

If we will insist on being governed by amateurs instead of experts, we must put up with the extra expense of such a silly plan. But is it not about time to give the experts a chance?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and to order to do that, find out first what you are now.—*Rushin.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

EARL FITZWILLIAM has certainly a talent for awakening curiosity. At the beginning of the year he astonished the world by his yachting expedition in search of Eldorado, and yesterday a man was indicted on a charge of threatening to murder him. Probably the real motive of the threat was jealousy, for Lord Fitzwilliam, who is not yet thirty-three, has had all the good things of life showered abundantly upon him. He is rich, in good health, married to a beautiful woman, and owns the biggest house in England—Wentworth Woodhouse, in Yorkshire.

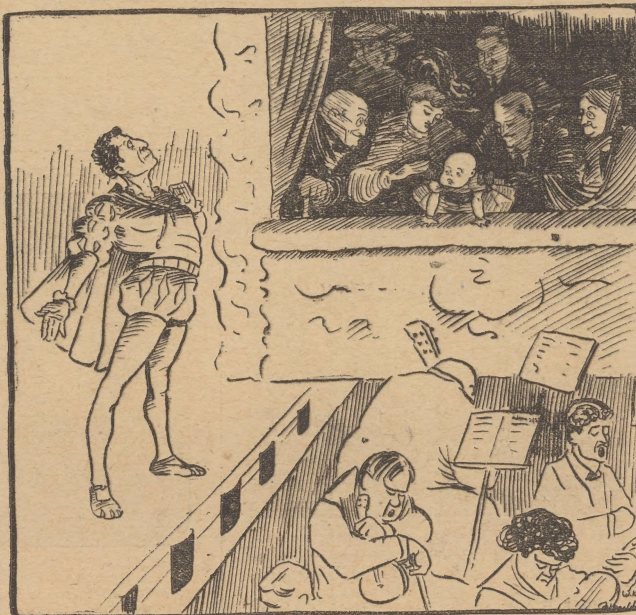
At Wentworth everything is still run on a feudal scale. Every Tuesday, during one month of every year, a public dinner is given there. All who wish to attend write their names in a book kept in the hall, and are invited. Wentworth has its ghost, too, the ghost of the great Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded under Charles I., and he may be seen by those who believe in ghosts walking at night there with his head held out before him. Lord Fitzwilliam owns mining property which is

wanted to keep. Also, when the Count informed them at the beginning of the war that it would be to their advantage for Russia to defeat Japan they told him that they "received his representations with decided impatience."

The brilliant career of Octave Mirbeau, whose finest play Mr. Tree is to produce to-night at His Majesty's Theatre, was nearly ruined at its opening through the pernicious influence of a friend of his. This friend, who had returned from China, initiated Mirbeau into the mysteries of opium. He informed him that no moralists or doctors knew what they were talking about when they said that the drug was harmful. On the contrary, it increased a man's vitality to an almost inconceivable extent. With that the friend gave Mirbeau a Chinese robe of many colours, a Chinese pipe, and left him to sit day after day, week after week, smoking opium in his rooms.

Sometimes he smoked as many as one hundred and fifty pipes a day, and he gave up eating almost

"THE FIRST LESSON A CHILD SHOULD RECEIVE."



Mr. Lewis Waller told the "Daily Mirror," with reference to the question of young people going to plays, that "he considers the first lesson a child should receive is to go to theatres and to insist on being accompanied by its parents and guardians."

said to yield him a million sterling every four years. The only thing he lacks is an heir to his wealth and title.

Sir Frederick Carne Raich, M.P., whose second self, according to a story told by Sir Gilbert Parker, has been wandering in the House of Commons while the first lay ill in bed, is famous as an opponent of long speeches. He thinks that no member ought to be allowed more than fifteen minutes. After that time a colleague ought to be appointed to extinguish him. Sir Carne tells an amusing story of a trick which Mr. Labouchere is said to have played upon a verbose person who was about to speak. He gently reminded this man's voluminous notes from him and rose to speak himself.

The poor man was then astonished to hear Mr. Labouchere delivering his own laboriously-prepared speech, only doing it much more succinctly and more amusingly than he could. Sir Carne himself has had to listen to a speech of two hours on undersized flat fishes, to one of three hours on vaccination, and to a portentous oration of four hours on Irish local government. He ought to imitate Sir Peter Burrell. That delightful member once stopped a prosy person who was droning on, hour after hour, and who finally remarked that he was addressing posterity. "You will have them here if you go on much longer," was Sir Peter's comment.

It must be a relief for Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador in Washington, to be removed thence to Madrid. He has never understood the Americans, nor have they ever understood him. New York was indignant with him some years ago because he privately purchased for the Tsar a set of pictures by Verestchagin for £20,000, which the Americans

entirely. At last his father, alarmed at his long silence, came from the country, dragged him almost by force from Paris, and took him, sufficiently broken down, for a "voyage of recovery" in Spain. After he returned, Mirbeau took to journalism. He was asked to write art criticism, and began with the Salon exhibition of the year. His first article astonished the proprietors of his paper. It told the exact truth, in terms almost abusive, about the pictures, which were, he declared, daubs, and nothing else. The next day he was told that no more of his art criticism would be wanted.

Mr. James Bigwood, M.P., the member for Brentford, who moved the Vehicles Lights Bill, a measure in which all cyclists are interested, in the House of Commons yesterday, is the head of the firm of Champion and Co., and knows more than anyone else in England about mustard and vinegar. His great manufactory of condiments turns out tons of mustard, and gallons of vinegar every day—enough vinegar, indeed, so it is said, to float a ship of 1,000 tons. There is nothing to betray Mr. Bigwood's connection with the "mustard and vinegar interest" in his appearance. He looks more like a prosperous doctor than like one engaged in commerce.

With reference to our recent paragraph concerning the Marquis of Cholmondeley and the spelling and pronunciation of his name, a correspondent sends us a story which the late peer was fond of telling. His footman was somewhat of a wag. One day he opened the door to the inquiry: "Is Lord Cholmondeley at home?"—the visitor pronouncing the name incorrectly in syllables. "No, sir," he replied, "neither Lord Cholmondeley nor any of his pe-people."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

RECKLESS MOTOR DRIVING.

Reckless motor driving and exceeding the twenty miles speed limit are surely synonymous terms. If the Automobile Club means to put a stop to reckless driving they must insist on their members obeying the law. Unless they do this, their openly-expressed intention is the merest humbug. Chelsea. R. B.

GIRLS AT THE THEATRE.

The theatre is no place for girls or young people. The average play is more or less immoral. The more immoral the greater the "draw."

How few talented writers we have to-day who can produce an attractive play without immorality. Do we not see enough of this kind of thing in real life?

On the whole, a first-class music-hall performance is certainly more wholesome at the present day. FRED MASKELL.

"A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE."

Surely no man can deny that the proper course for the doctor to pursue, knowing that his patient, a railway signalman, is suffering from a disease of the heart, is to consider, first, the safety of the public.

To keep silent seems almost criminal. Bank House, New Malden. JOHN MORTON.

The doctor can rest assured that if the signalman falls dead at his post no danger to the travelling public will result therefrom.

Certain rules would at once be acted upon by the signalmen working the boxes on each side of the dead man's box. These would ensure the safe working of the traffic. The only result would be a little delay.

Signalmen have been found dead at their posts before now, but I have yet to hear of any accident having ever followed such an event.

RAILWAY EXPERT.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

I am forty-nine to-day, and ever since I can recollect I have had my glass of wine or spirit every day. I have had rheumatic fever five times and rheumatic gout once (sixteen weeks), and attribute my present existence to a teaspoonful of brandy given when I was supposed to be collapsing.

Now, I am, thank God, in as good a condition of health and strength as any man breathing. May 6. W. E. WELLER.

Your leading article is ingenious, but are you sincere?

Can you really doubt that alcohol is poison? Do you really want any confirmation of Sir F. Treves's statement?

For myself, I am certain that fermented liquor is the worst enemy God and man have ever had. Scarbrough. G. W. MCF.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Thomas Stevenson.

YESTERDAY, in his capacity of Government expert, he announced the long-awaited result of his post-mortem examination on the terrible "Trunk Mystery." Poisoning by morphia, he states, is the cause of death.

When he has said a thing it is enough. He is a man who does not make mistakes. What he does not know about poisons is not worth knowing.

If death has been caused by poison, he will find that poison and weigh it and tell you all about it, whether it be above ground or have lain in the earth for years. It cannot elude him. His patience and his skill seem endless.

It is long, now, since there has been a poisoning case in which he has not figured, and many are the cases in which his evidence has set the seal upon prosecution or defence.

As he steps into the witness-box he is just the personification of science. He comes there to relate facts, and nothing else. There is no suspicion of humour about him; he never indulges in verbal duels with counsel. He just answers plain questions plainly in his clear, broad Yorkshire voice, avoiding technical terms. Every word he says is to be heard, not one is unnecessary. Even his long pauses are pregnant with meaning. They tell of the care with which each sentence is weighed before it becomes evidence.

And his appearance, too, is in keeping with his manner. Large, strong, grey-bearded, self-reliant, gestureless, owing nothing to his clothes or his mannerisms, he is the embodiment of hard facts, scientific facts, facts irrefutable.

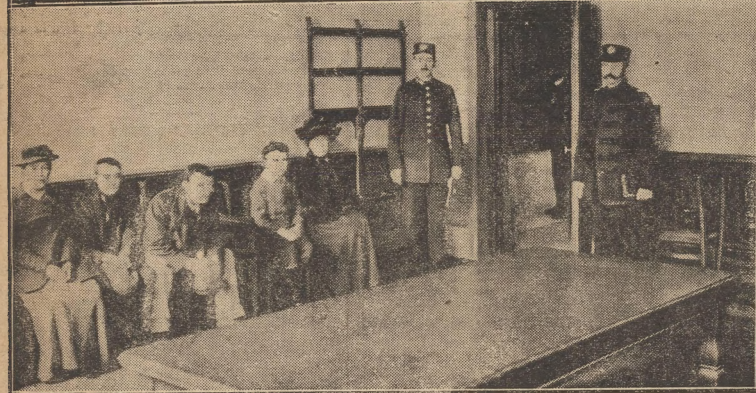
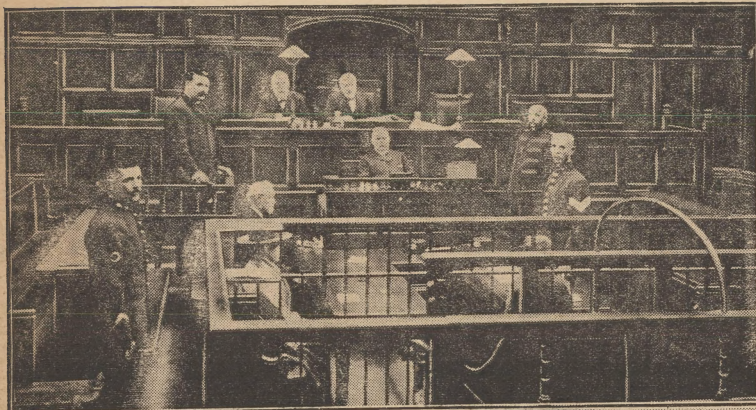
IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 12.—Gazing into one of the beautiful nests that now abound in the garden, while the startled bird nervously watches from a neighbouring bough, I cannot help wondering how the being can be found who would steal the little eggs, warm with love. Friends of nature, whose garden is the world, will certainly pass by these lovely things of God, and should also teach children to do so.

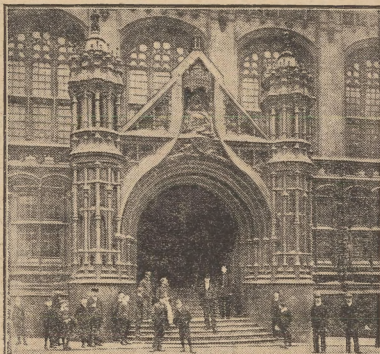
Apple-trees are now covered with rosy blossom, and will make the orchard a fair place for many days to come. Cowslips still peep from the growing grass. A large bunch of them and poet narcissi is as charming as it is fragrant. E. F. T.



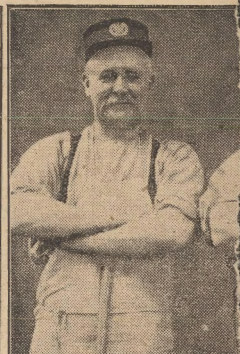
COURT for CHILD CRIMINALS in BIRMINGHAM



The top photograph shows the Child's Criminal Court in session, trying a boy for alleged cruelty to a horse. The bottom photograph is the waiting-room for trivial malefactors, another room being provided for boy and girl desperadoes. In thirty cases the fines aggregated less than £1.



Exterior of the handsome "Child's Court," the only one in England. It sits every Thursday, and disposes of a week's cases.



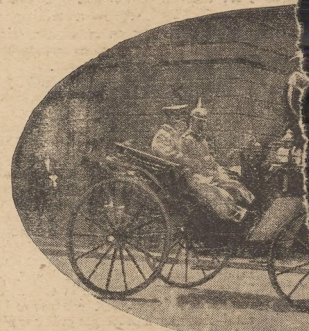
A couple of the "nurses" providing awaiting trial. They are chosen for a week's cases.

£1,000 DOG.



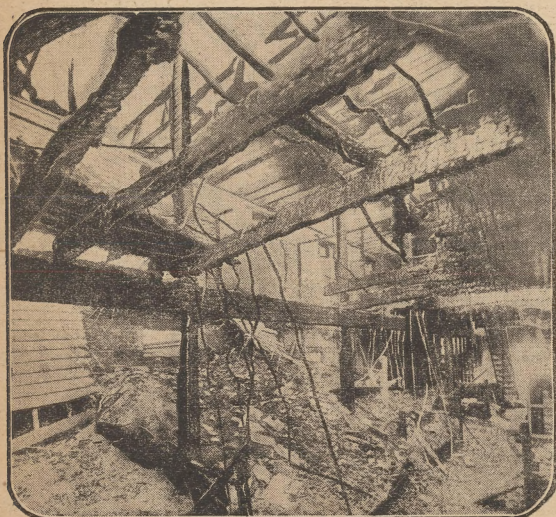
Zana, Mrs. E. Potter's tricolour, spaniel, exhibited at the Crystal Palace Toy Dog Show. Zana has won many prizes.

SCHILLER CELEBRATION



The Crown Prince of Prussia (indicated by arrow) which festivities in honor of Schiller.

REMARKABLE FIRE PHOTOGRAPH.



Effects of a blaze at Gray and Son's brewery, Chelmsford. It destroyed a large corn storehouse. The fire brigade did gallant work in stopping the spread of the flames.

RAUNDS MARCHING STRIKERS "SNAPPED"



Men on the journey to the War Office writing home to tell their families how they were getting on. Many carried writing materials and sent long accounts of each day's events to their wives in Northamptonshire.



FRENCH TROOPS BESIEGE *the* FARMHOUSE FORT of a MURDERER



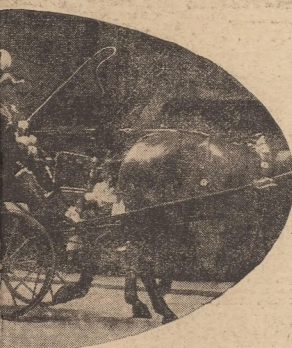
ed for boy prisoners
or their kindness.



Soldiers in ambush trying to get a shot at Roy, the murderer, who is defending his "fort" single-handed.



ATION IN BERLIN.



a cross) leaving the Opera House, in
r of Schiller were held.

PRIZE SPANIEL.



Rococo, "a beautiful King Charles, owned by Mrs. Privett, which took a second prize at the Crystal Palace Toy Dog Show.



The siege of the farmhouse at Usseau, near Châtellerault, France, in which a gamekeeper named Roy, who killed a man out of revenge, has taken refuge. He has wounded two of the besiegers. The top photograph shows soldiers drilling to move against him. No. 3: Troops waiting a chance to shoot him; and No. 4: The house which Roy has made into a fort.

BY OUR FIELD PHOTOGRAPHER YESTERDAY.



James Gravestock, an ancient labourer from Leavesden Green, singing to the strikers at Garston. His song consists of fifty verses, of which the marchers could listen to only thirty-three, as they had to hurry southwards in the direction of Mr. Arnold-Forster.

WELSH REVIVALISTS IN LONDON.



Three young ladies who have been with Evan Roberts since the beginning of the revival in Wales, and who are now singing in London. They are Miss Maggie Davis (in the background), Miss S. A. Jones (left), and Miss Mary Davies (right).

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

THE NIGHT OF HER LIFE.

Mrs. Savage placed a rose rather guiltily in her hair as she dressed for dinner. She was too old for such nonsense as vanity, or, if not too old, had outlived her youth, which she chose to consider the same thing.

To-night she wished for his sake that she had been younger. Twenty and twenty-eight, they do not reconcile when it is the woman who is the elder.

She had met him at the hotel, where they were both staying, three weeks ago, a grey-eyed, dreamy-looking boy. He interested her as no one had ever interested her before.

She went downstairs into the hotel drawing-room, which she found unoccupied save for an old friend of hers, Mrs. Corneston.

The latter looked up as she came into the room, noted the pink rose nestling against the brown hair, saw the soft sparkle in the deep blue eyes, the warm colour in the youthful, rounded cheeks.

"You've been dreaming," declared the elder woman a little sharply; "you dear, romantic creature, you've been day-dreaming."

Mrs. Savage nodded.
"About the future?"

Her heart beat warmly at his words.

"First of all," he said, when they had found a seat, "I want to ask you what a man should do who is utterly lost, so far as the world would judge, yet who believes that he might still be redeemed by his love for a woman who is to him as a star of hope to one who—whom has lost his way."

She looked at him wonderingly. Of whom was he speaking?

"A child," he went on, "thinks as those amongst whom it is brought up teach it to think. Its thoughts, its acts are not its own, and by the time it is able to reason for itself, to hate itself, the evil has been done."

Revelation flashed upon her.

"You are telling me of yourself," she said.

"Yes," he answered. And then he took her gloved hand and placed it to his lips. "Remember this," he said, "whatever you hear of me—I never had a chance, never understood, until it was too late."

But his words were interrupted. An alert little man had darted like a shadow from amongst the laurel bushes that grew close by.

Blake rose swiftly to his feet. Mrs. Savage

long began in search. He has probably missed your acquaintance, as he has that of other ladies, with a view to stealing your diamonds. I see that you are wearing some fine stones. You are fortunate to have kept them so long."

Mrs. Savage felt as if the whole scene was swaying before her bewildered eyes.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"It is true," he answered, in French, "that at first I came with the idea of taking your jewels that—that—but afterwards—the woman I told you about was myself. I love you. I shall go to prison, be shut out from the light of day, and serve out my time gladly, and it will seem no longer than a few months to me, because of my love for you, though others may count it as years. And when I come out again there will still be time for me to do something—different of my life."

"Look at me!" she said.

He looked straight into her eyes.

For a moment there was silence between them.

"I believe you," she said simply.

"So our interesting friend has got off with a lighter sentence than one might have expected," remarked Mrs. Corneston a few weeks later. "Five years only. I wonder what he will do afterwards. He was certainly a boy with charming manners." "Shall I tell you what his future will be?" replied Mrs. Savage. "He will be met at the prison gates by a woman whom he loves, who loves him; and they will go away together, he and she, caring nothing at all for the rest of the world, and in a country which knows them not she will help him to start again."

Mrs. Corneston never allowed herself to show surprise.

"You are an astonishing woman," she said. "I suppose it's the outcome of reading Tolstoy. Yet I think myself that he is a boy for whose sake one might risk the experiment. I have faith in him still."

"So have I," replied Mrs. Savage.

to avoid him, but in vain. Sir Tatton entered up and shook Merrick warmly by the hand.

"So glad to see you, my boy; so glad you've returned at last. What do you think of the news, eh? A Derby winner at last, and you'll ride him. Since I knew how good the colt was I've felt—well, I've felt like a colt myself."

He laughed heartily and smacked Merrick on the back.

"And it's not for myself only that I'm so glad and proud, but you, my boy, you! The chance of your life! By Jove, how I wish I'd had such a chance when I was a young man... Ah, well!"

"It's awfully good of you to give me such a chance, Merrick started. "But—"

"Good—good be hanged! It's just what I wanted, hoped, prayed for. Long ago I said: 'If ever I breed, buy, or find a colt capable of winning a Derby, Arthur Merrick shall ride him.' Why, what do you think I adopted you for otherwise, you rascal?" The baronet laughed good-humouredly.

"Ah, here's my house, come along in and have a drink."

"I'm afraid—"

"Of course, you're not drinking. Deuced hard lines, eh? Milk and soda, then? Come along, no refusal."

It was impossible to refuse, and Merrick found himself in Sir Tatton Townley's study, in the home of his early childhood.

How familiar and fond the furniture and books and pictures looked, old friends all! Portraits greeted him, and he avoided their gaze. Pictures of famous horses and jockeys, a history worth all.

It was here he had acquired his love for horse-flesh, his taste for racing. It was here Sir Tatton had told the boy stories of Turf and stable; his own dreams, ambitions, ideals. Sir Tatton, childless, giving his paternal love to the only son of a dead sweetheart.

"Yes," he said, "Derby Day this year will be the happiest day of my life."

Absent-mindedly he passed Merrick the cigars, and Merrick eagerly took one.

Smoke covers up a multitude of feelings.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

French Author's Flattering Description of Our Babies and Our Pretty Girls.

The "entente cordiale" is signed and sealed. A French author, M. Paul Maisson, has just published a book, in which he lavishes praise, not only upon our institutions, but upon ourselves, our women, and our children.

Of all his praise perhaps that of the English baby and the English mother is most lavish. They are far ahead of those of his own country.

In the English home of the middle class the most happy of all persons is certainly the baby. He enjoys to the utmost the full measure of well-being which can surround a human being. The Englishwoman is an admirable mother. Even among the rich the mother, in spite of social duties and frivolities, manages to suckle her own child.

And as if that were not enough, the author goes on to tell the lavish care which is extended to the English baby; how twenty times a day, if necessary, he has a change of linen, how he is always neat and presentable.

M. Maisson thinks the English girl is delightful and beautiful.

good faith, must admit.

When he begins to describe her he has a bewildering number of nice things to say. She is not so artless as her French sister, she is not silly, she is natural, frank, and unrestrained. Her beauty is rugged and delicate, her colour fresh, her complexion of velvety smoothness. Her voice is gentle and she speaks as though she enjoyed it—like eating sweets.

About our public-houses he is far from enthusiastic, and contrasts them unfavourably, as we do ourselves, with the French cafés.

Here is one picture:—

The public-house is sad and gloomy. The service is carried on with automatic precision; one fancies oneself at Mme. Tussaud's Waxworks.

While here is the contrast:—

The French café is gay and lively; in a saloon well protected and well warmed in winter, the visitor finds himself among friends; he comes to it as to a business meeting-place, reads the papers, writes his letters, takes a hand at cards or plays a game of billiards.

But the gem of it all is the description of the Englishman eating.

In the middle of the plate is a slice of meat thin as a leaf of paper, immersed in a bath of insipid gravy, and round it he arranges with careful art on the large shelling borders the salted potatoes, the grass-green cabbage, the peas, or other vegetables which happen to be in season—not forgetting the pickles. He waters the whole with sauces more or less barbarous from divers fagons.

Then he commences a highly-skillful operation. On the back of his fork he plasters, conscientiously, with the aid of his knife, a sort of thick paste of all these substances, joined to a tiny morsel of meat. Then he opens a large mouth and introduces the small edifice built on the fork.

It is such frank, good-natured description that one does not mind at all, especially as one is bound to admit that it is perfectly true.

It is comforting to know, however, that our pickles are not so bad as our gravies and sauces.

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LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favours for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel, really Mrs. Hilary.

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

Merrick shut his eyes; the pipe fell from between his lips. His thoughts flew back on ready wings to that day by the river near Newmarket. The drive over the meadowland, the tramp through the meadows, Dolores barefoot and bareheaded. Again he heard her voice, saw her in all her full, complete beauty—those wonderful deep eyes and red, inviting lips; terribly fascinating when she waded almost knee-deep into the stream to land his fish, looking like a human water lily, her fair limbs the stem, a vision of white lace the petals, and herself the heart of the flower.

The wind, rustling through the daisies and poppies, came to him like the laughter of her voice.

Merrick sprang to his feet and turned into the road and commenced to walk in the direction of home with quick, nervous strides; his lips were closed, his teeth tightly clenched, and his eyes fixed straight ahead of him, dull, hard, but determined.

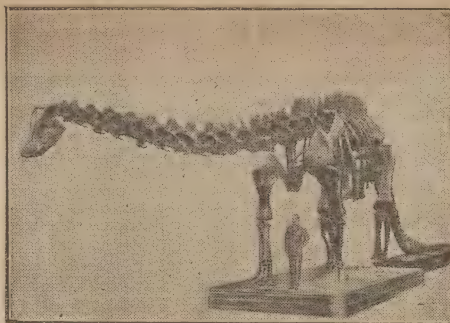
As he entered the town he saw a man riding towards him on a stout chestnut cob; he tried

EARTHQUAKE "SNAPPED."



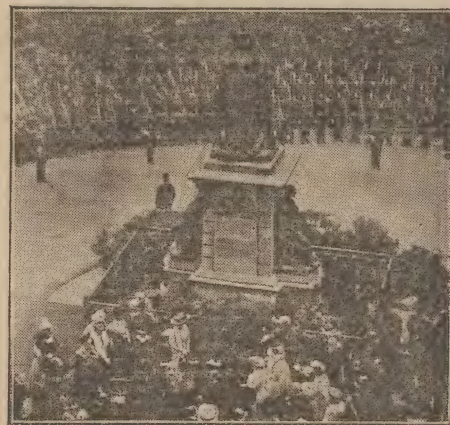
Photographed at Chamonix. It suggests the old idea of an earthquake—that the land literally opened and swallowed people up.

CARNEGIE MONSTER.



This, the skeleton of the biggest beast that ever lived—the Diplodocus Carnegii—was publicly presented to the Natural History Museum yesterday. The donor is Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

VICTORIA MEMORIAL AT SHEFFIELD.



Unveiled by Princess Beatrice on Thursday. In the photograph the Lord Mayor is reading the address.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

instantly in love with her, proposed almost immediately, and—

"And she jilted you?"

"No, she asked me if I would release her; of course, I did. Her married life was not happy, her husband was—insulted. Soon after you were born there was a separation; two years later Daffodil died—I was still a bachelor—your father was killed whilst riding in a steeplechase at Torquay, and I adopted you. When I married my dear wife became your mother; as you know, we've no children of our own. She knows all I've told you. She has seen the photograph. She is one of those rare women who understand."

Sir Tatton ceased speaking; for a long time he held the photograph in his hands, looking at it. Then he locked it away again and lit the cigar he had allowed to go out.

"Poor Daffodil's ambition was never realised in her life, but perhaps one day soon, at the end of the month, she will look down from the stars and she'll see her boy riding home to victory in the great race. She'll hear her horse's name, her own name, shouted by a thousand throats, and she'll know that she is not forgotten."

He rose from his seat and blew his nose violently.

"You'd better be getting back, my boy."

"I wish you had told me this before," Merrick whispered.

"I've never told you much about your parents because their married life was short and sad. It's the foolish fancy of a foolish old man, but I pretend to myself that on Derby day—but I'm talking too much. Run away to Rose Cottage and take care of the colt."

Merrick rose and held out his hand.

It was very cold, and moist with perspiration.

"What's the matter? Feeling ill—confound it, you look ill," cried Sir Tatton. "You've been over-walking."

"No, I'm all right; got rather warm striding along, that's all."

He hesitated, making no effort to leave the room.

"Come up again soon, Lady Townley will be so sorry to have missed you; she is out paying visits, poor dear."

"Give her my love," Merrick stammered.

"And—"

Again he had changed his mind, but he was growing mistrustful of himself.

When he was alone with his thoughts, alone with Dolores, he was hers, body and soul.

But now—

He would do it now, now whilst he was strong. He would do it here, here where the memory of his mother clung like the perfume of a sweet-scented rose, faded, in an old man's buttonhole; here, where his life had been lived; here, where he had learnt all manly and honourable deeds and aspirations; here, where the ashes of a strong man's love lay buried; here he would kill his love, destroy his castle in the air, sacrifice—her.

"Can I write a letter," he said quietly; "an important letter I want to post at once?"

"Of course. Sit down at the bureau, you'll find pens and paper. Go ahead."

Merrick drew a sheet of paper towards him and commenced to write.

It was not a very long letter that he wrote, but every word was like red-hot iron piercing his heart.

The envelope he addressed to Miss Dolores St. Merton, care S. B. Vogel, Esq., Newmarket.

Hastily he bid Sir Tatton good-bye, and then he ran swiftly along the road until he reached the post office.

For a second he hesitated, just a second, then he slipped the letter into the box, and with bowed

head and faltering steps he turned his face towards Rose Cottage.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Vogel was in a good humour; he was pleased with himself and he was pleased with The Devil—The Devil being his horse.

He had just witnessed an early morning gallop, in reality a trial, in which The Devil had done all that was asked of him, showing, indeed, that he was quite capable of doing more. Bosche, Vogel's trainer, was loud in his praises of the colt.

"We've nothing to fear," he cried jubilantly, "nothing."

Vogel merely pursed up his thin, greedy little lips and said nothing. He knew Bosche, a man extravagant in all he said and all he did! a man who boasted, a man who was too fond of telling his patrons that "he feared nothing."

"To hear you talk, one would think that you were a tipster instead of trainer," Vogel sneered. "I don't want the whole world to know that my horse is going to win."

"You've got your money on, sir; at least, so you told me," was Bosche's reply.

Vogel nodded.

"Nevertheless, if you can only keep your confounded mouth shut you'll find that The Devil will drift out in the market, and I can get some more money on. That's the worst of you Americans, you will talk."

"I don't talk to outsiders, I'm not such a fool, an' if I do boast to you, it's not without reason, is it? An' when the good things come off, as they always do with me, I want some of the kudos, you know."

"You can have all the kudos—and do all the shouting you like—after my horse's number is decided winner of the Derby. Until then don't be too cock-sure; they are not all crooks in the race. You forget Gurdy, King Daffodil, and Cicero."

Bosche stroked his chin.

"Cicero is a good horse, so is King Daffodil; but I'm not afraid of old Joe Marvis, he'll never turn out a Derby winner."

Vogel smiled and rubbed his soft fat hands together.

"I heard something about a wonderful trial," he whispered as he climbed into his motor-car. "Don't be too confident, and do try and forget you're an American—and hold your tongue."

Bosche nodded amiably, and watched his rich patron whizz away in his motor-car with a smile on his lips. But when the great red car had throbbed itself out of sight, sound, and smell, Mr. Bosche

(Continued on page 13.)



A GREAT GIFT

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The Publishers of Professor Boyd Laynard's great work, "SECRETS OF BEAUTY, HEALTH, AND LONG LIFE," have much pleasure in announcing that the famous author has most generously surrendered all royalties upon his book, and has thus made it possible to issue the work at a price within the reach of all.

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LITTLE STROKES FELL GREAT OAKS—TO-DAY'S PICTURE FOR THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE PRIZE AWARDS.

RESULTS OF LAST WEEK'S COMPETITIONS.

I offered last week two prizes, one of 5s. and the other of 2s. 6d., for the best colouring of the picture "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine," and our artist has awarded the first prize to Harold A. Heaps, 17, Littledale-road, Seacombe, Cheshire, whose picture is capitally coloured. His little Dutch maiden wears a claret-coloured skirt and a blue bodice with large claret spots upon it, so she looks very fine indeed. I am delighted that Harold has got a prize, for he has been very persevering for a long time.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Marjorie Irving, 49, Christchurch-road, Streatham Hill, S.W. Her little Dutch girl wears a green skirt and a mauve bodice, and sits in a room with a brown carpet and a grey wall. If Harold and Marjorie would like their drawings returned to them they shall have them sent, so I will keep them by me until I hear from them.

Highly commended are the pictures sent in by Florence Sivell, 2, Manor Terrace, Lea Bridge-road, Leyton; Teulon Lewis Mills, Tresco, 69, St. Roman's-road, Southsea, Hants; Lulu MacDonald, 58, Emmanuel-road, Balham, S.W.; and Olive Rathbone, Garlands, Meols Drive, Hoylake, Cheshire.

Humorous Verses by a Little Girl.

Instead of offering a prize of 2s. 6d. for the best postcard, I decided to offer one of 5s. last week. I have awarded it to Elsie Pendock, 172, Keighley-road, Colne, Lancashire, for the clever verses which she has composed herself. They are called "No Tale," and will be found printed beneath.

NO TALE.

There once was a monkey that had no tail;
Down in the dumps was he.
His tears, 'tis said, would fill a pail,
Down in the dumps was he.
He could not play his monkey pranks,
Such was his misery—
His kindest friend ne'er won his thanks,
Down in the dumps was he.
One day inspiration came to his brain,
Glad of heart was he.
He thought of a way a tail to gain,
Wanton was his glee.
He chopped off a neighbour's "narrative,"
And took it to his tree.
"With a tail," he said, "'tis joy to live,"
Glad of heart was he.

But, oh! the tail would not stick on;
Deep in the dumps sank he.
And soon his merry mood was gone;
Deep in the dumps sank he.
Robbing a neighbour of a tail,
Eased not his misery.
Ill deeds, ah! sure did ne'er avail,
Deep in the dumps died he.

Highly commended is the postcard sent in by Alfred Bailey, 39, Blegborough-road, Streatham, S.W., called "The Dutchman in London," which is also printed below.

THE DUTCHMAN IN LONDON.

A Dutchman was walking through a London street. On one of the house doors there was the following inscription: "Please ring the bell." The Dutchman saw this, and rang it. Instantly a powdered footman appeared, and asked what he wanted. He said that the words asked the people to ring the bell. The footman said: "I see you come from a country where nannygoats grow on gooseberry bushes." "True," replied the Dutchman, "but there are much finer sights in London; you're only to ring a bell and a monkey pops out." Mabel Woodcock, 22, Marine-parade, Lowestoft, sends a good story, entitled "I'll Never Speak Again." It is also printed.

I'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN.

A ventriloquist once took his favourite dog into the country, and went to an inn to order a meal.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued on page 11.)

shrugged his shoulders and expected. "Thinks he's smart, does Vogel, and because he's rolling in money thinks he can boss everybody. An' when I tell him I've made a Derby winner for him not so much as 'Thank you' do I get."

He walked disgustedly across the heather to join his string of horses.

Bosche was a trainer of the new school—a very successful one, though in certain quarters his methods were questioned, and those who were not his friends said ugly things in loud whispers. But Bosche only smiled and continued to turn discarded corks into winning machines.

Bosche the Wizard was a popular title for him. His methods were diametrically opposed to those of Joe Marvin. Marvin was a machine in his eyes, and he understood the machines perfectly. He possessed a wonderful gift, too, of mending broken machines and setting in going order the works of

After doing so he asked the dog what he would have. "I'll take a sandwich," said the dog. The landlord thought it was a remarkable dog, and offered to buy it. After being sold the dog said: "You wretch, to sell me for £10. I'll never speak again." And he never did.

I commend very highly the stories sent in by Nora Agnes George, 37, Poplars-road, Leyton, Essex; A. Smith, Mollington, Banbury, Oxon; Conie Simmons, Hawthorne, Wellington-road, Taunton, who is only six years of age, and writes

tures—one of 5s. and the other 2s. 6d. There will also be two prizes for the postcards of 2s. 6d. each, instead of only one as heretofore.

What I want the postcard competitors to do is to copy out on a postcard the first paragraph on this page beginning "I offered," etc., and for the neatest writing I will give the prizes. It is as well not to write in pencil, as the writing gets so much rubbed out in the post that I can scarcely read it when it reaches me. Children who write a large hand will not be expected to get so much on a



Colour the picture, which illustrates the saying, "Little Strokes Fell Great Oaks," either with chalks or water-colours, and you may win a prize. Of course, you all know that the saying means, in other words, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," which is a good motto for all competitors to take as their own.

a very nice hand; Harold Baldwin, 17, Smisby-road, Ashby-de-la-Zouch; Hilda Wagon, 20, Vicarage-road, Strood, who narrates how one day, when she was a little girl, at Hastings she wandered away following some Volunteers and caused her mother and nurse a great deal of anxiety; H. W. Wright, 139, Cromwell-road, Bristol; Jeanie Hutchings, 53, Birchdale-road, Forest Gate, E., who sends me a story about a fairy which she composed herself; Lillian G. Dickenson, 5, Shortwood View, London-road, Staines; and Ivy F. Pallett, 12, Sydenham-road, Croydon, who will by this time have received the prize she won a week or two ago.

This week's picture illustrates the saying, "Little Strokes Fell Great Oaks." The parrot that you will see in the background is very much amazed and wishes that the tree were not going to be interfered with by the little boy in the front of the picture. Two prizes are offered for the best coloured pic-

postcard as children who write a medium-sized hand, and I hope many do not write a very small one because their writing, unless extraordinarily clear and neat, will not be highly commended by DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

DAINTY FACE EMOLLIENT.

Here is a recipe for making almond meal which may be used instead of soap when bathing the face and hands. Take four ounces of powdered orris root, four ounces of flour, one ounce of powdered castile soap, one ounce of borax in fine powder, ten drops of oil of bitter almonds, two fluid drachms of oil of bergamot, and one fluid drachm of tincture of musk. Mix these ingredients well, then pass them through a sieve, when they will be ready for use.

He wouldn't sell The Devil; he'd send him to the stud; and when his days were ended he would have his head set up and stick it over the mantelshelf in his dining-room.

"The Devil, the property of B. S. Vogel, Esq.—possibly Sir B. Sogel Vogel, Bart.—winner of the Derby, 1905."

"Sir B. Sogel Vogel, Bart."

The thin lips parted—the idea was pleasing and possible—nay, probable. The owner of a Derby winner has splendid opportunities of currying favour with eminent influential men who sit—and sleep—in high places on the banks of the Thames.

When the car had landed Vogel safely at his palace, he entered his dining-room and inspected the massive carved and inlaid mantelshelf and chimney-piece.

Undoubtedly the very place for The Devil's head—when The Devil was of no further use to him. The Devil should remain enthroned in the ancestral home of the Vogels.

(To be continued.)

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(Signed) George Robinson, 111, Anglesey St., Loddles, Birmingham, Jan. 4th, 1905.

Mr. Robinson permits publication of this convincing statement of his own experience in gratitude for health restored and a desire to relieve the sufferings of others. He believes and we know that the medicine that cured him and has cured tens of thousands of men and women of chronic indigestion, will cure YOU if you suffer from the same complaint. Put it to the test.

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Report Upsets Japanese Bonds.

(A cricket article by Mr. F. B. Wilson appears on page 6.)

AUSTRALIANS AT THE OVAL.

O. L. A. Smith	3	Extras	
Gunn	2		
Leach, b J. Gunn	10		
		Total	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.			
NOTTS.—First Innings.			
	O.	M.	R. W.
	31	8	80 3
			Leach
			Vine
Total			

				Second Innings.	
O.	m.	r.	w.		Bird
5	0	17	0	Arnold	13.3 2 55.4
4	1	7	0	Cuffe	20 1 59.3
1.1	0	7	1	Wilson	14 0 55.0
				WORCESTERSHIRE.—First Innings.	
9	3	19	1	Hirst	18 7 44.3
1	0	1	0		Myers
				Arnold bowled a wide.	

Betting—"Sporting Life" Express 2

Q. I beg pardon?

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